

your humble servant what contribution he would give to the Conservative election fund if they gave me the contract. That man is now a court judge and is sending men to penitentiary for life for crimes that are virtues compared with being a party to a system that would ultimately cause "government of the people, by the people and for the people" to perish from the earth.

During my post reform I had many interesting experiences. The day before the Niagara Falls Laurier picnic, 1908, my son Carroll A. and I were doing a stunt in the Hungarian harvest field. We started out next morning and by noon we were on our way from Suspension Bridge G. T. station to the Falls park, as published in the Woodstock Sentinel interview and copied in Hamilton and other newspapers. I have had chats with many prominent men. Been in all the big cities between Buffalo and Washington, my home here and Boston via Montreal. While in Washington showing my box outfit at the Rural Mail Carrier's National Convention, held in the National Museum, I went early one morning to put my box into showing condition for that day, and while at it a very fine-appearing gentleman, clothed in immaculate white, came to where I was and enquired if I had seen anything that morning of the man whose box stood next to mine. I told him I had not. He said that the man wished him to see his exhibit and was to meet him there at that hour. I said do you wish to leave a message for him? Yes, tell him Champ Clarke has been here.

What a thing to do, to not keep an appointment with that distinguished busy man, the Speaker in the U. S. House of Representatives. Upon my fellow box exhibitor's appearance I delivered the message. He was greatly worked up and excitedly said, "I will fix it up with Champ. Champ is an old neighbor of mine up in Wisconsin. I'll make it all right with Champ. That man must have indulged in an overdose of hot Scotch the night before.

During one of my strolls in Washington I noticed a group of people standing near the entrance to the President's mansion. I went up to where they were to see what was going on. They told me their business was to see Mr. Wilson, who in a few minutes came out and started off, his auto passing within eight or ten feet from where I with the other sightseers stood near the curb. With hat off, mine too, he looked this white-haired, wrinkled old fellow square in the face and bowed in a most respectful manner. He took me to be probably an old soldier that had killed a lot of slave-holders on the battle-field in my time. I had seen the President and went my way. In passing the U. S. War Administration Building I noticed two men away up on the steps landing talking. I made out that one was W. J. Bryan. When their talk ended I approached Mr. Bryan and said: I am a stranger in